







Merry Christmas



GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

VOL. LXIII, No. 1

Founded 1877

DECEMBER, 1930

SHALL IT BE
PROGRESSIVE
PROSPERITY OR
POVERTY--WHICH?

By **CHRISTOPHER BLUNT**



JOHN G. WINANT
Governor-Elect

THOSE RECENT GAINS BY THE WETS
By **REV. ERNEST L. CONVERSE**

MUCH ADO ABOUT LIBERTY
By **HOWARD R. BANGS**

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THE GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

THE GRANITE (State) MONTHLY, Published Monthly at 94 Concord Street, in the City of Manchester, and entered as second class mail matter at the Manchester post office under the act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

HOWARD R. BANGS, *Editor*
GRANITE MONTHLY Co., *Publisher*

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ESTABLISHED IN 1877

THIS ISSUE of The Granite (State) Monthly is published under a new editorship, that of Howard R. Bangs, former editor of Robert Jackson's Manchester Sun, and for many years identified actively with various newspapers. He has been night editor of the Manchester Union and managing editor of the New York Morning Telegraph, and comes of a literary family, his father being the late author, John Kendrick Bangs.

Mr. Bangs spent his boyhood in Franconia, N. H., and was educated at Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H., and Cornell University.

Mr. Bangs brings to the Granite Monthly a new editorial policy and a vigorous viewpoint on state affairs. The monthly, hereafter, will be conducted as a review of significant events as they occur in New Hampshire. Matters of social, political and industrial importance will be discussed, and in specialized problems, manuscripts will be solicited from the best informed sources in the state.

The addition of a department of book reviews will be an interesting feature of the January number, and will contain critical expressions on the latest productions of literary men and women.

Beginning with the current issue, also, the subscription price of the Granite Monthly has been raised to three dollars a year. With the added revenue provided by this advance, the publisher hopes to provide a better magazine.

ONE GUESS is as good as another concerning the future of the First National Bank, of Manchester, control of which, or at least 60 per cent. of the stock of which, was held by the now defunct Merrimack River Savings Bank. It is the Granite Monthly's guess, nay, its prophecy: that if decision to liquidate the property has not already been made before this issue goes to press, that such will be the decision in the near future.

The purchase by Mr. Frank P. Carpenter of the 907 shares of First National Bank stock held by the Merrimack River Savings Bank, at a price of \$126,-980, and of additional shares, can hardly be construed as a decision by Mr. Carpenter to re-enter the national banking field as an individual operator, nor would it be logical to assume that he had any plans for operating it in conjunction with the Mechanics Savings Bank, of which his son is president, and he treasurer. Mr. Carpenter was at one time a prominent director of the Second National Bank of Manchester, an institution that subsequently was absorbed by the Amoskeag National Bank, of which he is now a director.

With these conclusions in mind it would therefore seem an intelligent guess that Mr. Carpenter did not act as an individual in agreeing to pay \$140 a share for the Merrimack River Savings Bank's holdings in First National stock, but appeared, rather as a representative in a consortium purchase that was participated in by the other Manchester National Banks.

Elimination of the First National Bank in the Manchester field will reduce the number of national banks from four to three, leaving the Amoskeag, Manchester and Merchants National Banks in a stronger position with regard to banking service.

While the passing of the First National is regrettable from the standpoint of sentiment, its control was so closely affiliated with the Merrimack River Savings Bank that it doubtless was confronted with an uncertain future. The action of the other banks, in selecting Mr. Carpenter as their financial emissary,

was not only a courageous and business-like stroke of banking economy, but it also clears the field.

SOMEONE, speaking of the economic situation, has said: "These depressions find the average man in possession of two suits of clothes. So the duration of the depression is measured by the life of two pairs of pants."

That is an excellent conclusion if they aren't two-pant suits!

IN ANOTHER column will be found an interesting analysis by the Rev. Ernest L. Converse, of Concord, of the results in the recent national election as they affect Prohibition. Mr. Converse, whose activities as superintendent of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League have been characterized by an energetic application to his duty, was invited by the Granite Monthly to comment on the situation.

In extending its invitation to Mr. Converse, the Granite Monthly assured him that no editorial advantage would be taken of his conclusions, and furthermore, made a statement of its own policy with relation to the so-called wet and dry issue.

While the pages of the monthly are open to public discussion of this important topic, whether the discussion is of a wet or dry nature, and while it guarantees the same editorial inviolability to the manuscript of an anti-prohibitionist as it has guaranteed to Mr. Converse, it may be well to state at this time that opinions expressed by individual contributors do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the magazine.

The policy of the magazine is dry. It is not dry in the sense that it advocates restrictions upon the personal appetites of men and women in general, but on the basis that, Mr. Hoover to the contrary, Prohibition is not an "experiment," but a "fait accompli," and became such, the moment the 18th Amendment was ratified into the Federal Constitution. An ordinary attribute of decent citizenship in the United States, is obedience of its laws, and the spectacle of lawlessness that has followed the enthronement of "Al" Capone as the Maharajah of the American Underworld, is not so much to be blamed upon the characterless masses that do him homage, as it is upon Federal and State governments for failing to enforce the law, and the willingness of certain depraved units of the American press to create the impression that all Prohibitionists wear tall, black hats, blue glasses, and carry on their hips instruments of torture to be physically applied to recalcitrant wets.

No intelligent person can deny that from the aspects of its effects upon the society of the United States, prohibition of alcohol as a beverage is a good thing. The late lamented Theodore Roosevelt coined the ap-

pelation "Lunatic Fringe," and used it in paying his respect to a particularly noisy group of agitators who objected to certain of his administrative policies. An analysis of the so-called "wet" victories in the recent election, clearly indicates that the same old "Lunatic Fringe" is articulate.

There never has been a doubt in the opinion of competent observers that the city of Boston and the state of Massachusetts were "wet", there never has been a doubt that the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois were "wet", and the same contention applies to Rhode Island, and the notoriously damp state of New York. Where, then, except in states which were already counted as "wet", have the anti-prohibitionists scored any gains that can be taken as a serious indication of a national trend?

Taken politically, prohibition has become merely a medium for giving mass articulation to the noisiest elements in the noisiest centers. And the politicians who paddle themselves into office on the rise and swell of the Home Brew tide, would be quick to scuttle the ship and swim for the shore at the first sign of drought.

Industrially, the fact that employers immediately discharge workmen who try to mix whiskey with machinery, is sufficient evidence of the attitude business has toward prohibition. Recently, however, owing to the unemployment situation, there has been a great deal of hullabaloo over the benefits that would accrue to the jobless by the reopening of the breweries. This form of reasoning has gained visual and articulate abetment from the newsreel editors, and for the last several weeks, tongue-dripping audiences have been treated to animated snapshots of new brewing machinery being polished up for the imminent return of Schlitz, Pabst, Budweiser, et al. In New Hampshire, reports from the Frank Jones Brewery in Portsmouth, and other former manufacturies of beer and ale, indicate that these plants are still doing an excellent cold storage business, and anticipate no reduction in temperature.

Nevertheless, granting that the reopening of the breweries might conceivably give productive employment to a half-million idle workers, the situation would create a paradox that would eventually vitiate the very aim it was intended to accomplish. For every stream of lager beer emanating from a revived brewery, there would be a greater stream of humanity pouring from the gates of great American industries, a stream of humanity, discharged, for the well-known reason that alcohol and buzz-saws, when mixed, produce no dividends.

THE VICTORY of John G. Winant in the late election is encouraging for the state. It solidifies the grip of the so-called progressive wing of the Republican party on the administration of New Hampshire affairs, and in a more far-reaching sense indi-

cates that the younger element of the state intends to continue in the saddle.

Mr. Winant's most conspicuous victory was won in the September Primary when he defeated Arthur P. Morrill, of Concord, for the gubernatorial nomination, and at the same time achieved the distinction of being the first man in the history of the state to shatter an antiquated tradition that had limited a governor's tenure of office to one term. The tradition, itself, was obviously a political stratagem that may have served a useful purpose at one time or another, but which, in recent years, at least, had lost whatever virtue it may once have possessed.

The first administration of Governor Winant was certainly a reform administration, and was characterized by sane thinking and progressive legislation. Why there should be an objection to the continuation of an able administration, merely because there exists some will o' the wisp tradition against it, is one of those vagaries that make politics in New Hampshire so intriguing.

The Winant defeat of the indefatigable, and peripatetic Albert Wellington (Hi) Noone, of Peterborough, was picturesque if nothing else. The "double bar'l" candidacy of Mr. Noone for United States Senator and Governor gave the campaign a rare and piquant flavor. He was the Worcestershire sauce in the pudding, and for that delightful peppering of an otherwise issueless campaign, let us be thankful.

THE RECENT infidelity of the Great American Electorate to the cause of Herbert Hoover and the Republican Party, is a fair sample of a type of political grotesquery that every now and then crops up to confound and astonish believers in a democratic form of government.

No intelligent observer ascribes the causes of the economic depression to any act, political or otherwise, of Mr. Hoover, or the responsible elements of his party. The problem of economic rehabilitation is palpably a problem that the business leaders of the nation must go about solving. There is little, if anything, that Mr. Hoover as the executive of the Federal Administration can do. He can investigate and advise, he can give business the benefit of his own unquestioned ability as a business man, but he cannot perform miracles, nor force into being any instantaneous prosperity, merely by waving some magic wand, or muttering an all-healing incantation.

William McKinley observed that in times of stress majorities arise against the party in power, and banal as that Presidential observation may sound today, it indicates, nevertheless, that politically, the mental processes by which the electorate sizes up situations, have not changed. It is astonishing that the public, insofar as its relationship to the ballot-box is concerned, still marks its votes according to the notions it absorbs from demagogues, and curb-stone politicians.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY extends belated congratulations to James M. Langley, publisher of The Concord Monitor, on the completion of the fine new printing house from which the Monitor is now issuing. Mr. Langley's success in the New Hampshire newspaper field has been one of the outstanding achievements of the last decade in the state's newspaper history.

Under his skillful guidance of a modern and influential property, Mr. Langley has prospered in a state where the rewards from newspaper operation have not kept pace with the rewards accruing from operation of other ventures.

And now that bouquets are being passed to Mr. Langley, the Granite Monthly anticipates, that if reports from the Manchester field are not in error, it in turn will soon be offering congratulations to Col. Frank Knox and John A. Muehling, of the Union and Leader. It is understood that Messrs. Knox and Muehling expect to begin the building of a modern, three story newspaper plant on Amherst street in that city, soon after the New Year.

The Union-Leader Publishing Company acquired the Amherst street property earlier in the current year, and more recently is said to have assembled additional parcels of land that will give the organization ample space for its building.

The new Union-Leader plant will have as one of its neighbors the building lately owned by the Merrimack Valley Sun, Inc., publisher of the Manchester Sun, which expired from pernicious anaemia during the memorable days of the 1929 stock market crash. The Sun building is still unoccupied.

CONFIDENCE in the leadership of a large portion of the New Hampshire press was unquestionably dealt a severe blow by the smashing victory of Governor-Elect John G. Winant, not only in the primary campaign but in the general election of November last.

Strange as it may seem, Governor Winant won his campaign with a generally hostile press snapping at his heels, submerging his campaign speeches beneath the front page oratory of his opponents, and generally driving him to seek contact with the people by turning to the radio, and by depending upon his good friends to get out and around for him. No Republican candidate in many years was confronted with the task that faced this tradition-shattering public servant. His victory was the more valiant for the whipping he administered to the editors of New Hampshire.

The state of the New Hampshire press as regards its ability to accurately interpret public opinion, or to exert successful leadership, is a state of which newspaper owners may not be proud. It is indicative of serious illness within the ranks of newspaperdom, and remarks symptoms of a condition that requires the most vigorous treatment if newspapermen, generally,

are not to lose that prestige which is normally associated with the profession.

The newspaper that deliberately thwarts the public will, and attempts to stuff hand-picked candidates, and predigested political doctrines down the throats of its readers, is doomed. Newspaper proprietors have the right to support whom they will for public office, they quite equally have the right to speak their minds on public matters, but, being semi-public utilities, they have no right to suppress, or distort facts; neither have they the right to deny political candidates for high public office a free and equal outlet for public expression.

Whether they like it or not, the newspapers have a moral responsibility toward the public. Failure to recognize this simply means suicide in the long run for the newspaper that attempts to evade it.

When the newspapers of the state cease defending their own errors of judgment, and rectify their course to the point where it accurately reflects majority opinion, they will have gone a long way toward repairing the damage that has been done them through failure to fulfill these fundamental obligations.

IF ITEMS appearing recently in sections of the New Hampshire Press are to be taken as an indication that there is any great demand for a change of officials in the office of the Secretary of State, then the Granite Monthly believes that the responsible editors have misread public opinion. Either this is the fact, or Mr. Frederick Blackwood's candidacy is merely being given that fraternal salute which one newspaper editor might give to another.

Certainly there is no public cry for the retirement of Enoch D. Fuller, whose administration of the office has been exceedingly efficient and notably free from political conniving, qualities which were not exactly conspicuous by their absence during the regime of Hobart Pillsbury, and during which Mr. Blackwood was Mr. Pillsbury's deputy.

The events which led to Mr. Pillsbury's retirement from public office called for a prompt housecleaning, and now that the house has been cleaned and a competent public official installed as administrator, there is not the slightest reason why another change should be made, especially when the proposed change involves the restoration of a man whose only claim to the office is that he served as deputy to an official who used the job for his own financial aggrandizement.

The Granite Monthly does not doubt that Mr. Blackwood is a man of estimable qualities, and that as deputy he attended to his business in a business-

like manner, but being, as he was at that time, a public servant it was his clear duty to have exposed a chief who was pilfering the public pocketbook. Mr. Blackwood's failure to do so indicates that he did not know what was going on in his own office, or that he lacked the moral courage to bring the proper charges against a dishonest official.

Either of these indications should most assuredly disqualify his present candidacy before the Legislature.

SO ABLE A phrase-maker as the Hon. George Higgins Moses, whose recent paraphrase of Virgil, saying "*Timeo Democra'ts et dona ferentes*" (I fear Democra'ts, even when bringing gifts) broke into page one prominence, will pardon the Granite Monthly if it, too, resorts to the scholarly reaches of Latin in bidding adieu to Gov. Charles W. Tobey, and quotes the motto of the noble state of Kansas, thus: "*Ad astra per aspera*" (to the stars through difficulties), as applying accurately to Mr. Tobey's administration.

We assume that none of the Governor's critics will have the audacity to charge that he lacked the force to carry through the things upon which he had set his mind of accomplishment. The Tobey administration has been one of devotion to principle, and has been characterized by an untiring zeal in the pursuit of, and fulfillment of, campaign promises. He has been obstructed, not only by an ungenerous and intriguing press, an experience with which Mr. Winant, also, is not unfamiliar, but he has frequently been compelled to travel blindly, dependent upon his own counsel, owing to the singular failure of some of his adherents to play the game according to Hoyle.

That he has met every situation with forthrightness and courage, that he has demonstrated that he has conviction, and the power to carry it into practice, these are some of the qualities, that now on the eve of his retirement from public office, lead his friends to feel that the eclipse thirty days hence will not be total.

No truthful recorder of Governor Tobey's tenure of office can fail to state that he faced several major crises and came out of all of them smiling, and on top. Perhaps the most notable of these were the recent incident of the Industrial School expose, and earlier, the appointment of Styles Bridges to the Public Service Commission. In both of these situations, the Governor finally emerged in complete victory, his enemies thoroughly put to rout, and his own prestige greatly enhanced.

"*Sic itur ad astra*" (Thus one goes to the stars.)



The Great and General Court

Political Prognostications for the Cognoscenti

By FARAD OHM WATT, R. P. D.

Legislative Correspondent of The Granite Monthly

FOF THE information contained in this, my first article on the forthcoming session of the New Hampshire General Court, I am indebted to a Republican Senator-Reject, whose luncheon check I have just paid, and a Manchester Democrat with whom I took afternoon tea the day after Mr. Albert Wellington (Hi) Noone was returned to the bosom of his factory in Peterborough by the tradition-crashing John Gilbert Winant, of Concord.

Neither of these gentlemen was particularly happy over the election of Mr. Winant, owing to the fact that the Republican Senator-Reject has invariably been on the other side of the fence, and the Manchester Democrat a life-long resident of Ward 8. However, I was seeking advice, my business being to write, and not to assume the role of ambulance chaser to political emergency cases.

Strange as it may seem, the advice given me by both of these gentlemen was the same. They suggested that if I wanted to know anything about the organization lineup in the next House and Senate, I should read the writings of Major Arthur W. DeMoulpied in the Manchester Union and Leader, and failing to get what I wanted from that source, it might pay me to read what Billy Wallace writes for The Boston Sunday Herald, or get an English dictionary and translate the political opinions of The Manchester Democrat. Striking a happy medium between the three, my friends suggested, I probably would discover that if I wanted to contribute anything original to the subject, I might just as well express my own opinions.

Having due regard for the acumen of the Senator-Reject, whose long experience in practical politics has taught him to adopt a clam-like reticence on probabilities, I am inclined to believe, nevertheless, that the incoming State Senate will be organized on the basis of doing business with the Winant Administration, and not on the basis of obstruction. I assume the organization will be "regular", however, and that unlike Senator George Higgins Moses, the Old Guard Senatorial incumbents will not be wary of Democrats bearing gifts.

In this respect the Senator-Reject committed himself so far as to state that he was not acquainted with any "regular" members of the Upper Branch of the General Court, who knowingly would carry sticks of dynamite attached to their watch-chains, much less

conceal in the hip-pockets of their legislative pants, cans of gasoline, nitro-glycerine, anti-freeze solution or, in fact, any other form of liquid explosive by which they might maim, lacerate, and otherwise render null and void their Progressive comrades.

Inasmuch as the Senator-Reject knows his onions, as well as his colleagues, I have no doubt that once organized, the 1931 Senate will function with all the outward calm of a barrel of Mobiloil.

Getting down to brass tacks, as it were, on the selection of the individual who is to preside over the new Senate, it seems to me that I detect signs of a disquieting nature. Lovers that I am of the bucolic life, there come upon me, however faint and distant, certain rumblings that my long experience associates with the whinnies and closely-barned stomps of horses. The aroma, also, is strangely equine, and therefore I am bound by a sense of mental honesty to state that I DO hear horses!

Be they white, black, brown or sorrel; be they wind-suckers or victims of the string-halts, be they spavined, or just plain truck horses—they are horses nevertheless, and ALL of them are dark, even unto the ice-bound stretches of Winnepesaukee, or the remote outposts of the Coos reaches.

Assuming a pragmatic attitude toward the probabilities regarding the individual soon to be elected President of the Senate, and at the same time taking into consideration the stomps and whinnies noted just above, I am forced to conclude that barring a coup d'etat by some immediately unknown political jockey; the next President of the Senate will be chosen from the following three avowed candidates: James C. Farmer, of Newbury; Harold H. Hart, of Wolfboro; Arthur R. Jones, of Keene.

All of these gentlemen are known to have not waited until just before Christmas to do their shopping, and for some time have been going about collecting votes, promises and what-nots to stuff into their stockings. Even the most seasoned manufacturer of stockings, however, will not guarantee his product against a serious run within 30 days, and therefore your observer would not bet a Mexican dollar, even if it came from the basement of a Manchester savings bank, on the outcome. In fact, now that so many Americans are winning fabulous fortunes on English racing lotteries, it might be a good stunt to issue tickets at a quarter apiece on any and all of the above candidates, and on Dana A. Emery, of Manchester, and Charles H. Brackett, of Greenland, as added starters, to boot, the proceeds of which could be used

to relieve unemployment, or to buy a dinner at the Eagle Hotel for the Dark Horse that might conceivably win.

Having relied, as I have, upon the information given me by my friend the Senator-Reject for the indubitably penetrating analysis of the Senatorial situation concluded in the preceding paragraph, it is with a sense of trepidation that I now give you what is commonly known as the "dope" on the House. You may stop me if I am wrong, but you can't stop the Democrat from Ward 8, and this is what he says:

"Gimme a little lemon and a coupla lumps of sugar in my tea, please. Now, as I was saying, you can organize the Senate easy, because there ain't so many of 'em that you can't keep tabs on 'em when they go across the street to the Eagle Hotel; but take it from me, when you try to organize them representatives it's just like trying to pour a gallon of frog's eggs into a quart container. If you ever scooped up a mess of frog's eggs out of a pond, you'll know what I mean. They won't stay put."

With this bit of sage advice, my friend went out to keep an appointment with Ex-Senator McCarthy, now of Washington, from whom he hoped to get a slant on what Senator Moses expects to do in 1932.

Recalling as I do, how when a great deal younger than I am now, I did at one time wander into a particularly boggy swamp up near Plymouth, presumably in search of frog's eggs, and other flora and fauna of the territory, but in reality to keep a date with a normal school girl, I am forced to conclude that what my friend from Ward 8 said about trying to organize the House of Representatives might possibly be true.

That body unquestionably represents the most numerous bunch of legislators that ever confronted a state paymaster, and sometimes, I must confess, I have expressed the wish that some day they might take it into their heads to resign, or secede as a whole, and form an entirely new state, thereby leaving the Governor and Council and the Senate to expedite the business at hand. Doubtless if such a proposition had been included among the Constitutional Amendments placed before the Electorate in the last election, it might have been ratified by the necessary two-thirds majority.

However, be that as it may, I feel that Governor Winant has the situation pretty well in hand, and that after the first thunder has rolled away, and the perpetual candidates are once more successfully eliminated, our readers will see Mr. Milan A. Dickinson, of Swanzey, wearing the toga. Opposing Mr. Dickinson to date are Rep. Harold M. Smith of Portsmouth, great and good friend of Al Hislop, and one who evidently has taken to heart the motto: "When at first you don't succeed, etc."—et al; and Rep. George D. Cummings, editor of the Peterborough Transcript.

According to a screed by Major DeMoulpied appear-

ing recently in the Manchester Leader, one would be led to suspect that Mr. Smith, of Portsmouth, has as good a chance as any of the others. Knowing how the Major likes to keep the copy flowing to the Union-Leader's linotypes, however, your correspondent is led to believe that Editor Blood, fearing a shortage of news on that particular day, called upon Major DeMoulpied to rustle up a little for the back room, and that the Major, casting about for something at least startling, hit upon Mr. Smith's possibilities and proceeded to embalm them in type-metal.

I do not seem to recall any political activity in the last session of the Legislature which would lead the cognoscenti to take the candidacy of Mr. Cummings as anything but an effort to split the vote with Mr. Smith, thereby reacting unfavorably on the outstanding candidacy of Mr. Dickinson. Mr. Cummings is said, however, to be gaining the support of the weekly press in New Hampshire, but knowing the failings of the weekly press in New Hampshire as well as I do, that is, knowing that aside from one or two conspicuous examples, it has very little effect on public opinion, I would say that the press support for Mr. Cummings was little more than a salute to a fellow craftsman.

When the Union and Leader announce they support Mr. Cummings as their candidate, I will eat last year's Panama hat on the corner of Elm and Hanover streets, and concede him a chance of election.

Summing it all up, then, I would say that it looks like a very successful administration for Mr. Winant. So be it!

Radio Reforms In Manchester

By WILLIAM E. GILMORE, JR.

City Clerk of the City of Manchester

(Believing that the ordinance recently passed by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Manchester for the eradication of radio interference is of public interest, the Granite Monthly invited Mr. Gilmore to contribute an article on the subject.)

THE RELATIONSHIP of the radio to the American home has grown to such an extent that it definitely holds a greater regard in the household than the time honored and still popular piano or what have you.

Now much to the despair and disgust of these homes which were made happy with marvelous entertainments from the air, with a repertoire to satisfy the most fastidious, a legion of demons unseen, but not unheard, have come from nowhere in particular.

everywhere in general to threaten the popularity of this wonderful discovery.

Father, mother, or some member of the family may tune in to a favorite station only to have one or more of these demons give a demons-tration (pardon the jest) with raucous roar or squeal of fiendish delight; another turn of the dial and your attempt for entertainment is again frustrated by these demons of the air with another bag of noises different both in volume, sound and continuity and so it goes; sometimes, part of a day or evening yet always ready to let the listener know that they are on the job twenty-four hours a day.

The city of Manchester, rich with radio fans, ideally situated for radio reception has awakened to the fact that these demons infesting the air have multiplied so beyond endurance that remedies to prevent such infringements upon their enjoyments shall be applied.

Accordingly a committee appointed from the Board of Mayor and Aldermen have very ably sponsored an ordinance in conformity with the rules and regulations as prescribed by the United States Government, imposing a penalty upon offending parties that are responsible for unleashing preventable noises unto the air.

A detector has been purchased and the operator puts this machine into his automobile and goes out detecting, tracing down with great accuracy the sources of anguish.

This device follows up all clues, and is so sensitive that the operator has been led into a barber shop and found that electric clippers were innocently spoiling a man's radio reception upstairs in the same building.

Blanks are filled out, filed at the Municipal build-

ing by those complaining of interference and the committee sends its representative with his magic electrical detecting apparatus onto the job.

When the source is found, the unfortunate culprit (in most every instance innocent of his or her wrongdoing) is notified of the misdemeanor and suggestions to prevent further interference to radio reception are given.

Although this work has only lately been inaugurated the cooperation given by dealers, both in radios and electrical equipment, has been remarkable, as has been the aid furnished by the Public Service Company and the street railway in helping reduce radio interference.

A great many sources of interference have been traced directly to signs, flashers, electric organs, street cars, brushes on dynamos, transformers, air motors, gas pumps, curling irons, ice refrigerating machines, vacuum cleaners, floor waxing machines, and numerous other appliances.

It is also a good idea before one condemns his neighbor to investigate his own domicile first; for many a fan is the victim of his own home-made noises; one might be able to find loose lamps in the sockets, bad ground wire connections, loose tubes in his radio, unfiltered home appliances, all of which might contribute a few howling demons to offend the ear and turn an otherwise pleasant evening into a night of bitterness and disappointment.

As mentioned before, the use of the radio has so increased that the step taken by the city of Manchester with its ordinance protecting her citizens from preventative interference augers well for the community.

Prosperity or Poverty---Which?

Some Problems of the Machine Age

By CHRISTOPHER BLUNT

THESE ARE days of anxious scannings of the business horizon for reliable indices that may be taken as an accurate reflection of an uptrend toward prosperity.

While there may be a faint, thin light visible, it is yet in such a nebulous stage that even the most confirmed optimist will not wittingly burst into hosannahs of joy.

As a matter of fact, by every major indicator it is exceedingly doubtful that the corner, around which Prosperity is said to be lurking, will be turned before the Autumn of 1931. To blink the facts is merely to indulge ourselves in dreaming, and certain it is that if by next Spring there begin to appear tiny shoots of long green, it will require the most diligent and

intelligent nursing to bring them into full flower.

It seems to us that the Economic Depression has reached what for lack of a better name, may be termed the "brass tacks" era, and, having arrived there in spite of all the Presidential pronouncements and political incantations to the contrary, we now believe that only fools and economic illiterates will be impressed by a continuance of such blather.

There is serious work to be done, and it requires the most intense application on the part of the business leaders of the nation. Without minimizing the tragedy of the effects of the depression on the social life of America, it would seem, nevertheless, that the more important task is to so organize business in the future that major crises of the nature that are now afflicting the American nation, shall not recur.

Any effective survey of the ways and means of

accomplishing this desirable objective will not fail to inquire into the very threads of the pattern from which we have woven our economic structure.

We have heard much of the "machine age". It has been discussed pro and con innumerable times since it first burst upon us with all its titanic power. Has it finally reached that stage where it has run amuck, and like the Frankenstein monster of old, got so far out of human control that it threatens the very existence of the multitudes to whom it was to have been an agency for their liberation from economic slavery?

No less an industrialist than Henry Ford has stated that American industry is in the position where it is able to produce in ten months all the goods that the population can consume in twelve. If that be the fact, and there is no reason to dispute Mr. Ford, it would seem that the men who control production in this country have been influenced more by greed than by a recognition of their responsibilities toward the social welfare of the United States.

The process of "overproducing" the national and international markets, by the reckless turning on of machinery, is not only a process that violates the fundamental laws of supply and demand, but it is likewise a symptom of managerial irresponsibility that requires regulation, either by the producers themselves, or eventually by Federal legislation, a form of regulation that is not desirable.

The depression which was signaled by the stock-market collapse of 1929 is not the result of any sudden disorganization of American business, nor can it be attributed to any single factor which was not entirely within the control of responsible industrialists. Furthermore the assumption that the orgy of gambling on the stock-market, which kited prices beyond all reasonable values, was to blame, is an error. The soaring prices on the stock-market merely reflected a false impression of the state of business in the nation, an impression that had been built up by political pronouncements and the indiscriminate production of more goods than the market could consume. The stock-market collapsed when the true condition of affairs became apparent, and only after the cumulative ills of industry came to a head, and exploded.

Judging the future by these experiences, it would seem that a continuation of the scheme of industrial activity that has already been characterized by the collapse of values throughout the world, can lead only to the creation of another vicious cycle, and the attendant suffering it imposes upon humanity.

It is time for the business leaders of America to make their decision NOW.

Are we to have permanent prosperity?

Or progressive poverty?

WHICH?

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The Granite Monthly

Why Byrd Came to New Hampshire

And What the Explorer Thinks of Dublin

By HILDRETH M. ALLISON

(Herewith are presented some hitherto unrecorded facts concerning the reasons why the famous Polar Explorer selected "Fairwoods Farm", at Dublin, N. H. for his resting place last summer).

"**W**E USUALLY go to the seashore," said the woman in the Lincoln car, "but this year we thought we'd try the mountains. The sort of place we are looking for is one with a fine view, wide open fields, and above all a spot where we can be by ourselves and enjoy privacy."

"View, open fields, privacy," reflected the real estate man, mentally running over his list of available places; then aloud, "Suppose we look at 'Fairwoods Farm'."

A nod to the chauffeur, and the big automobile glided into motion. Up the hill above Dublin village, over a fine stretch of cement road, and around Dublin lake. Then it swerved abruptly to the right, passed the golf club, entered and climbed a private avenue winding through an apple orchard, and the lady was at her place of destination.

Views, open fields, privacy—all these are here in plenty. Grand Monadnock, clad in the verdure of dark spruces and lighter hardwoods, rears its massive bulk to the southeast, majestic, impressive. Meadows, gently rising from the little travelled Old Marlborough road, slope back gracefully to a farmhouse screened by shrubbery and shade trees. Privacy there is in abundance—350 acres of it—while the house itself, a structure of New England Georgian charmingly remodelled by its present owner, Mrs. Charles F. Aldrich of Boston, is so arranged that it can be divided into three distinct and separate suites.

There was no need of looking further. Obviously from her delighted comments Mrs. Richard E. Byrd had found a place seemingly made to order.

Rear Admiral Byrd was returning on the high seas from Little America, Antarctica, when the lease was signed. To facilitate preparations for his occupancy of the Dublin residence the strictest precautions were exercised to guard the secret of his coming. To all save the few connected with the rental of "Fairwoods Farm," where Byrd would "base" for the summer the facts remained the darkest of mysteries; and not until the psychological moment were they made public. Then, indeed, Dublin people, impassive and grown blasé to the coming of celebrities, were agog with excitement. They would have acclaimed the admiral with a brass band, confetti, and the ringing of bells had they been able to ascertain the day when he would

arrive, a secret well kept, however, by the reticent Mrs. Byrd.

The admiral slipped unostentatiously into town on July 4 for a brief week-end rest. A week afterwards he was back officially, but so quietly did he arrive that the fact was not known until two days later.

With the beginning of his sojourn in Dublin, Byrd laid aside the uniform of a rear admiral and with it, temporarily, his official rank. In the country, where a regular fellow enjoys being comfortable, he doesn't go in much for formal dress. Perhaps, too, Byrd felt something a bit stiff and starchy about his newly acquired naval title which he decided could also go into the sea chest for awhile. At any rate, in New Hampshire he was just "Dick" Byrd, a private citizen.

Ostensibly the Antarctic leader was in Dublin for a restful vacation; actually, however, he probably worked as hard as any man in town. Although the expedition was a thing of the past, masses of detail growing out of it were constantly accumulating. There was his narrative to prepare, selections for lecture purposes to be made from thirty miles of motion picture film taken in Antarctica, the working out of his lecture itinerary, frequent trips on business to New York, and various other matters.

Byrd's summer in Dublin was one of virtual seclusion. Even his telephone number was a mystery, and the local operators were instructed to connect no one with him who could not give it. Intrepid newspaper writers who boasted that they never failed to "get their man" returned to their sheets crestfallen and without interviews. Yet the admiral was constantly slipping out of town and back again on business trips, unobserved by even the wariest.

Despite the busy days, however, the verandah at "Fairwoods Farm" was the occasional scene of an hour of diversion. Often along with the ring of children's voices the staccato bark of Igloo, Byrd's constant companion, might be heard—a sure indication that the South Pole hero was relaxing. On one occasion a by-passer, chancing to glimpse the admiral and his four children through the trees, saw them all happily at play flying toy airplanes.

To be sure it is reliably reported that the tall, trim young admiral who has already conquered both poles and flown the Atlantic as well, has definite plans for further adventure. But when he left town in late September to begin his lecture tour, Dublin people didn't exactly bid him good-bye. Instead they made it, "So long, Dick Byrd, and good luck."

Those Recent Gains by the Wets

An Anti-Saloon League Analysis

By REV. ERNEST L. CONVERSE

(Rev. Mr. Converse, who is superintendent of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League, and an occasional contributor to the press on Prohibition matters has prepared the following article on the recent national election.)

THE NOVEMBER election is several weeks away as we write and we can see in better perspective. The reader of the news reports the morning after the election would have inferred that everywhere wet candidates were replacing dry officials. This is another sample of the way the wet press handles all news reports. When President Hoover won so overwhelmingly two years ago it was most grudgingly that any admission was made by press reports that prohibition entered into the contest at all. Any unprejudiced observer knew that prohibition, more than any other issue, gave the president his top-heavy majority. Now there is a lesser swing the other way, and how it is magnified.

But what really happened? There was a large gain of Democrats over Republicans. So large was the gain that both houses of Congress are nearly evenly divided between the parties. The prohibition question entered in very significantly in some places. In the Northeastern quarter of the country the Democrats are more likely to be wet than dry. So in that part of the country a Democratic swing is likely to carry in wets to replace dries.

Prohibition, however, was but one of the causes of the overturn but not the most influential. There was to be expected an off year reaction from the overwhelming Republican victory of 1928. We are in a great industrial and financial depression with its widespread unemployment and want. This always reacts against the party in power, however much, or little, that party is responsible for the depression. Uneasiness, dissatisfaction and distress call for a change, whatever the change may be.

The real loss of dry strength at Washington is surprisingly small when put down in black and white. One observer, in a position to know, has stated that there will be five or six fewer dry United States Senators in the next Congress than in the present session. In the House the dries lost eleven in the various primaries, and about a dozen more in the election. Thus the lower house will have about twenty-five more wets than in the present line up. However, with these losses there will still be several

more dries in both branches than voted to submit the eighteenth amendment to the states for ratification.

As a sample of how wet gains are made, the following is significant. An official of one of the wet organizations said that the wets in the House of Representatives had been increased by the election of from seventy-five to one hundred and forty-five. As a matter of fact dry leaders had counted from one hundred to one hundred and ten of the present House as wet. So that if there were to be one hundred and forty-five wets in the next House the real gain would be only about forty. And that estimate is probably high.

Where wet Democrats defeated dry Republicans it was in most cases more the fact that they were Democrats, than that they were wet, that caused their election. Much has been said about the victory of Robert J. Bulkley, wet Democrat, over a dry Republican for United States senator in Ohio. But the Democratic candidate for Governor in Ohio was a strong dry and he won by a larger majority than Bulkley. Evidently it was a Democratic victory with Bulkley incidentally a wet.

Distinct gains were made by the wets in the United States Senate in the elections of Marcus Coolidge in Massachusetts, J. Hamilton Lewis in Illinois, Einar Hoidale in Minnesota and Bulkley in Ohio. Also Jesse Metcalf in Rhode Island came out for repeal in this campaign. He had been counted as favoring prohibition before.

Supporters of prohibition gained by the election of Wallace H. White in Maine to succeed Senator Gould who was wet, Huey P. Long in Louisiana succeeds a wet senator. Where dries succeeded dries there was a moral gain in some cases. In South Carolina James F. Byrnes, a sincere dry, succeeds Cole Blease who voted dry but talked wet. Lawrence Phipps, a "political dry" from Colorado, is replaced by Edward P. Costigan, a strong dry Democrat.

In the race for governor, Ely, wet, won in Massachusetts over a capable dry. In Pennsylvania, former governor Gifford Pinchot, an outspoken, uncompromising dry, won over the Democrat who was wet, and who had the support of the wet Vare Republican machine in Philadelphia, as well as that of former Republican national committeeman Atterbury.

Referenda in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Illinois went wet by large majorities. But these are all in the wetter part of the nation. Rhode Island never ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Illinois has Chicago. Massachusetts has a large foreign element,

and with several state-wide votes has usually gone against prohibition. It would be like selecting Maine, Georgia and New Hampshire for referenda trials. In these latter three states the vote would be as overwhelmingly dry.

In New Hampshire prohibition did not suffer in the election. The Republican candidates for the major offices were dry and the Democratic candidates wet. The industrial depression has been felt especially keenly in Manchester and Nashua and a few other places. An unfortunate bank failure was played up in Manchester by the Democratic candidate for governor and senator. In these centers the Democratic vote was larger.

In spite of this, the Republican majority for the state was only four or five thousand smaller than the last off year election in 1926 when the total vote was almost the same. Although all the Republican candidates for major offices were rated as dries, Governor-Elect Winant had emphasized the dry issue more. His majority was a thousand votes larger than the others.

In the state senate are seven or eight very pronounced dries. And another seven or eight have a previous dry voting record, or are understood to be favorable to prohibition.

The opponents of prohibition spent many times as much money as the supporters of the law in the campaign. The last available report showed the leading wet organization to have acknowledged the spending of over four hundred thousand dollars. At the same time the national Anti-Saloon League had spent a bit over nine thousand dollars.

The propaganda put out by the enemies of prohibition has been skilfully prepared and wisely used. It has been careless of facts. Many of its statements were either false or misleading. Its aim has apparently been to declare certain things and repeat them, without proof, till people accept them as facts. One who is reasonably well informed can easily disprove the claims, and show the falsity of the alleged proofs, but the more thoughtless are taken in.

Typical of the methods of the responsible leaders against prohibition, was the argument of a United States senator from another state who spoke recently in New Hampshire. He declared that there was more drinking and more deaths from alcoholism now than before prohibition. To prove it he gave figures for 1919 as compared with 1927. Evidently he intended his hearers to think 1919 was a pre-prohibition year. But war time prohibition went into effect July first, 1919. And the first half of the year was lived under the severe restrictions put on the traffic during the war period. Census Bureau figures show that the average annual deaths from alcoholism in the registration areas from 1901 to 1917 were 5.6 per hundred thousand population. Since national prohibition the

worst year was 4.0 per hundred thousand, and the best year 1.0.

With plenty of money to use; with no scruples against hiring newspaper columnists to color their output with sneers at prohibition; and with little regard for facts, so long as prejudice can be aroused against prohibition, the wonder is that wet gains were not greater.

We are told that you can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but not all the people all the time. If this is true some of those who have been taken in by unfounded claims and false statements will wake up and resent being duped. They will then be stronger than ever against a traffic that has always been lawless and corrupting, and destructive, and for the most effective means yet formed to curb the evil.

The temperance movement has always had its ebbs and flows. That the last election showed some ebb is certain, but it was slight in comparison with claims made for that ebb.

The Christian Science Monitor sums up the results as follows: "So far as a defection from the policy of prohibition is indicated in the voting, this is due mainly to superficial thinking, herd instinct, failure to remember pre-prohibition conditions and a complaisant acceptance of blatant sophistries which have been made current by mere repetition in well-financed propaganda and a wet press."

Ex-Cathedra

AS THIS is being written, an American author, for the first time in history, is sailing abroad to receive the Nobel prize in Literature! On December 10th, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, (Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith, Elmer Gantry, et al.) in Stockholm, Sweden, will be handed a check for \$46,350, representative of the cash value of the Nobel prize to the winner.

In his pocket as he sailed from New York for Stockholm, Mr. Lewis is said by ship-news reporters to have carried a pamphlet entitled, "How to Speak Swedish in Ten Easy Lessons", and doubtless by the time he goes before the august prize committee he will have learned enough of the language to say "thank you." Thus does the creator of George Follansbee Babbitt, go Babbitt-like to receive his reward.

Winning literary prizes is no new experience for Mr. Lewis, but accepting them is a different matter. In 1916 he created a furore in American circles by declining to accept the \$1,000 Pulitzer prize, offered him for his novel, "Arrowsmith." In rejecting this morsel, the youthful, red-headed author declared the provisions of the Pulitzer prize were so cramped as to

(Turn to Page 16)

Much Ado About Liberty

Some Reflections on Sunday Blue Laws

By HOWARD R. BANGS

SOMEHOW, stretch my sense of impending calamity as I will, I cannot bring myself to that state of desperation that a great number of my editorial colleagues appear to have reached, over the threat to our liberties inherent in the recent outcroppings of Sunday Blue Laws in Vermont and New Hampshire.

Legislative anachronisms, like the measles and the mumps, are no novelty in this day and generation, and such being the case, I see no reason for taking down my shot-gun and getting ready to aim and fire at the enemy, merely because a few sadistically-minded individuals in remote sectors of the American Commonwealth, seek to invoke the pleasure of Jehovah by disinterring archaic prohibitions and applying them, figuratively, to the pants-seats of their fun-loving neighbors.

Regarded through the sombre-hued glasses of experience, I am led to believe that these strange manifestations are things to be thankful for, rather than to resist, for to my way of thinking they do not constitute any new assault upon our rights as freemen, but bear, rather, all the distinguishing marks usually associated with the expiring gestures of a rapidly mortifying body. And if the body in this instance happens to be, as I suspect, the body of the Puritan tradition in New England, then I prefer to sit back and enjoy the demise with ghoulish glee, rather than to waste my ammunition in the hope that an immediate discharge of buckshot will beat the undertakers to their job.

Editorial defenders of freedom to the contrary, notwithstanding, I feel that in New Hampshire, at least, Attorney General Davis has the situation well in hand, and that when he asserts he will endeavor to inject a little common sense into the proceedings in the event of a sudden cloture of all Sunday endeavors, save church-going, in Concord, he is not only to be taken at his word, but will not need to call out the United States Marines to accomplish the job. In fact, as this is being written, I note that the agencies of public prosecution in Merrimack County already have run up the white flag of surrender. Having thus averted with a few well-chosen words, what might have attained the importance of a legal "cause celebre" in New Hampshire, I hereby suggest that Mr. Davis be returned to his private practice, next month, with all the trumpeting and fanfare that is due a man who has, single-handedly, quelled an insurrection of the people.

I am willing to state the above proposal on the basis that Mr. Davis is deserving of the honor, and not because I feel that it is of any general public importance whether the proprietors of Pee-Wee golf establishments enjoy the privilege of doing business on Sunday, or not. In fact, if the trials and tribulations of these gentlemen ever become of sufficient moment to create a stoppage of governmental activities in New Hampshire, then, I believe, that along with myself, there will be any number of otherwise intelligent citizens who will be quite willing to emigrate to India, where, I understand, it is sinful to take a bath on Saturday night, and cows enjoy the political and social freedom of Princes and Bengali Potentates. Doubting, however, that such an event will ever come to pass, I anticipate that we will continue in this state for some time to come, the enjoyment and Lux-ury of our week-end bathtubs, and to regard cows as public servants, quite willing to dispense their milk without the necessity of titilating their vanity by addressing them with the prefixes of rank usually accorded to statesmen and members of the Legislature.

As I have stated previously, if I did not regard threatened enforcement of Sunday Blue Laws as a symptom of a moribund condition, I would be the first to do battle; nevertheless, I do feel that the publicity attendant upon these matters in Bellows Falls, Vt., and Concord, warrants an open discussion of the entire subject of Liberty, and its place in our scheme of Democratic government.

Granting that in my old age I may have become infected with the bug of conservatism, and that consequently my notions about Liberty are as archaic as the Blue Laws, I, nevertheless, am forced to conclude that if there are any menaces lurking around the American Scene, they are the menaces of too much Liberty, and not the lack of it. In defense of this argument I can go back 23 centuries, if I so desire, and rake up Plato, and by so doing I can prove to my own satisfaction, at least, that even so long ago as that, there was a great deal of speculation concerning the rights of man. Plato, describing his ideal state, in which philosophers were to be kings, used the city of Athens as an example to show the evils of "entire freedom and the absence of all superior authority." Said he:

"Under a Democracy slaves are just as free as their masters, and even the horses and the asses come to have a way of marching along with all the rights and dignities of freemen; and they will run at anybody

whom they meet in the street if he does not get out of their way; and all things are just ready to burst with Liberty."

While this is an exceedingly amusing statement, and while it may contain elements of wisdom that might conceivably coincide with the private opinions of some students of present day manifestations, it nevertheless is a rather superficial indictment of Democratic government, and that is not the purport of this article. Things being as they are, I would no sooner advocate the supplanting of our Democracy by Plato's Rule by Philosophers, than I would advocate the shooting of Aristocrats, and the dismemberment of the Bourgeoise, two Liberties which, next to that of changing one's wife whenever the spirit moves, are the most popular forms of freedom in Soviet Russia.

If we are to interpret Liberty, *per se*, as an indorsement of the individual's right to do as he damned pleases, rather than as a relative condition dependent upon tolerance and reason, then I can see nothing ahead but the collapse of the American civilization, or the installation of a dictatorship, and its attendant tyranny. Either one of these contingencies, no doubt, would be received with applause by those critics of American political phenomena who make their living by expounding the virtues of the foreign systems they have only recently fled, and whose judgments of life in the United States are formed by the imbecilities they find reflected in certain sections of the American press.

In any philosophical inquiry into Liberty, therefore, I am led to the belief that, the public mass being what it is, is innately incapable of ever attaining it, and that being the case, all of the current hullabaloo about it narrows down to the age-old custom of one segment of the public attempting, by force of legislative proscription, to stuff its own conceptions down the gullets of another segment of the public, and whichever segment finally emerges with the scalp, by the mere impact of its victory, establishes the current mode.

Conceptions of Liberty change with the rise and fall of the tides, they change with the crossing of geographical boundaries, and for that matter they receive new interpretations with the comings and goings of kings and presidents, governors, mayors, aldermen and ward-heelers, and so violent are the opinions of some of these gentlemen, that it sometimes appears difficult to believe that there is any such thing as Liberty, and that if there were, it would not long survive under the brutal buffeting it would receive at the hands of its wooers, when once they recognized it as such, and proceeded to hog-tie it before it

escaped, by the simple expedient of resorting to that well-known stratagem of "every man for himself."

While the restrictions imposed upon the Liberty of Pee-Wee golf players in Concord and Manchester, appear to us to be particularly silly, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the methods employed by the sufferers in the hope of obtaining relief, are as predatory in character as are the Blue Laws to which they object. An indiscriminate enforcement of these laws would merely represent a renewal of suffering for a large portion of the populace, that at the present moment, at least, indulges its extra-Sabbatical vices by the expedient of nullification. To subject to arrest those vicious characters who like to read Sunday newspapers, or run down to Nardini's, or Grimes' Lunch, for a surreptitious ham sandwich of a Sabbath afternoon, seems to us to be only a way of reviving the Blue Laws, when, as a matter of fact, the ambition is to bury them, preferably after cremation, so that any future experiments leading to their resurrection will be futile.

Having set up the Blue Laws as their target, it would seem sensible if the Pee-Wee golfers concentrated their aim in the proper direction. That direction is not in the direction of the Sunday newspaper readers, or the ham sandwich brigade, but is, rather, in the direction of the incoming Legislature, where at least, the ammunition necessary for the execution of the Blue Laws is at hand. Furthermore, that is the orderly way of obtaining relief from oppressive legislation. The disorderly way is to incite to riot, and thus provoke the intervention of the police authority.

All of this however, seems to be somewhat aside from the general purport of this article, but I will be pardoned, I am sure, for having brought the troubles of the Blue Law violators into the discussion again. I have done so with the idea of establishing a horrible example of the extent to which masses of the people will go in their efforts to secure for themselves what they fondly believe is guaranteed them under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

No general discussion of Liberty then, I am sure, can be conclusive without taking into consideration the suspicion that that state of being is incapable of practical attainment, and that a great many of the notions now parading in the guise of Liberty are mere frauds and delusions.

In America, at least, it can be said in conclusion, that our Democratic form of government has been reasonably successful in procuring for us the greatest amount of individual free-will compatible with an orderly and intelligent system of civilization, and certainly that is sufficient.

(Continued from Page 13)

suggest "not actual literary merit, but an obedience to whatever code of good form may chance to be popular at the moment."

Of the Nobel prize, however, he holds a different opinion. "It is an international prize," he says, "with no strings attached, and I feel the highest honor and gratification."

Whatever may be said of Mr. Lewis' reasoning on the relative merits of the two prizes, it would be a carping critic who would deprive him of a distinction that links him with the literary nobility of Frederick Mistral, Gerhard Hauptmann, Romain Rolland, Knut Hamsun, Anatole France, William Butler Yeats, George Bernard Shaw, Henri Bergson, Sigrid Undset, and Thomas Mann, the recipients of the prize in other years.

Be that as it may, the impact of the Lewis achievement has not been without its reaction in America. Hardly had he packed his luggage to depart for Stockholm before the venerable Dr. Henry van Dyke, of Princeton University, emerged from his classic slumbers to cast the first stone. Addressing a group of Philadelphia businessmen at a luncheon the usually amiable professor said:

"It (the award) shows the Swedish Academy knows nothing of the English language. They handed Lewis a bouquet, but they gave America a very back-handed compliment.

"'Main Street' and 'Elmer Gantry' cannot be considered to honestly represent the best in American writing. In 'Main Street' there isn't a girl in the story with whom you would fall in love.

"It used to be that Americans were taught to honor traditions. Nowadays the modern idea is to scoff at these traditions. Choice of the author of 'Main Street' and the rest of these novels that scoff at

America and its traditions for the Nobel prize is an insult to America."

We are inclined to reprimand the good doctor with a Wilsonian, "tut, tut," but on second thought feel that perhaps he was only kidding the Philadelphia businessmen, or that something he had eaten had disturbed the serenity of mind that has characterized his professorial activities at dear old Nassau.

In any event, after reading Dr. van Dyke's diatribe, we cannot feel that his opinions on the subject are of sufficient importance to indicate a very general critical impression. Dr. van Dyke's tradition, if we may be permitted to say so, is not the tradition of modern American literary thought. It is the tradition of that literary era that had its flowering in what is known as the mauve decade, a period of the gay nineties when William Dean Howells typified all that was desirable in literary production. It was an era of gentility and long skirts, bicycle riding and sweeping moustaches that sometimes got caught in the wheels. It was the era when bathtubs began to become popular at least once a week for the sake of utility, and not for the sake of impressing the neighbors, or visiting British celebrities.

It furthermore was an era of a different literary tradition than the era just preceding it, and doubtless Dr. van Dyke, had the occasion arisen, would have shuddered in horror if Mark Twain, or Bret Harte, or any of the others of the so-called robust school of American writers, had been honored as has Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

So much for traditions. They are valuable only so long as they serve a useful purpose. When they begin to hinder public expression, or thwart the popular will, socially, morally, politically, or in the delineation of a phase of human life, they quite properly go into the discard.

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in his novel a girl with whom a man can fall in love, is as stupid as a formula for creative writing as would be the stupidity of the writer who conformed to such a formula. There are so many girls a man can fall in love with in real life, that it is sometimes a great relief to find a horrible example bound in Morocco.

We agree with Dr. van Dyke that Mr. Lewis' English is not invariably elegant, and that quite possibly the Swedish Academy "knows nothing of the English language," but we disagree with him entirely when he assumes to state that the Nobel Prize Committee, in recognizing the Lewis genius for detailing phases of American life as they actually, and indisputably, exist, has insulted America.

Dr. van Dyke, like a great many other elderly and estimable gentlemen, has failed to keep in step with American thought. His commentaries, therefore, on contemporary literature are interesting only as they may reflect the Patriarchal views of a distant literary era, as opposed to an era which, since the World War at least, has been characterized by a Democracy of writing, and an intelligent rationalization of the American Scene.

LOBSTERS IN LITERATURE

By FARAD OHM WATT

WHILE IT WAS my understanding when I took up my duties with the editor of the Granite

Monthly that I should confine my activities to reporting the forthcoming session of the legislature, I, nevertheless, am an obliging sort of a cuss, and so the other day when I was asked to pinch-hit for one of our book reviewers, whose time was otherwise employed weaving in the Amoskeag mills, I acquiesced.

"And what shall I write about, sir?" I asked the literary editor.

"Oh, about a yard and a half," he replied. Then wrinkling his brow, or perhaps he knit it, I'm not sure which, he added: "I think a critical review on the Lobster's place in literary endeavor would help very nicely to fill up the space between my comments on Sinclair Lewis and those of Mr. Blunt on Admiral Byrd's new book."

"But," I rejoined, somewhat mystified, "I didn't know the Lobster had any place in literature."

My editor sat back and roared with laughter.

"What?" he cried. "You didn't know the Lobster had any place in Literature? Well, well, well, he certainly has. And a very important one, too, my dear Mr. Watt. In case you want to know the truth, I have it on the highest authority that no less a literary personage than Booth Tarkington never begins one of his novels until he has eaten a boiled lobster. They seem to lend color to his stories."

I blushed at my ignorance. After all, being merely a political reporter, how was I to know anything about the gastronomic activities of Mr. Tarkington, much

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less, in fact, as to where he got the color he puts into his books. For all I had known he might have got the color from eating rock cod, or cunners, which I understand you can catch very readily off the rock-bound coast of Biddeford Pool.

However, as I have stated before, I am an obliging sort of a cuss, and so I ran out to one of the nearest lending libraries and inquired for something in the literary line that would give me the correct dope on the lobster's place in literature. Nothing very expensive, mind you, just a little information, maybe something about one of those baby lobsters would do.

Well, the book lender was very obliging, and took out a copy of the December number of "Our Dumb Animals," an attractive pamphlet published by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

"If you'll turn to the editorial page," he said, "I think you'll find something about lobsters, and inasmuch as this is the only piece of literature on lobsters I've ever seen, I guess you'll get enough information out of it to write intelligently for the Granite Monthly."

Believe it or not, as Mr. Ripley says, here's what I found:

"BERLIN, Oct. 26.—(By Universal Service)
Has a lobster any feelings?

"This was the question debated here today in one of the strangest proceedings ever witnessed in a Berlin court, and which is attracting interest not only in Germany, but throughout Europe.

"For it involved a complaint against a fish merchant for cruelty to a lobster brought by one of Germany's most colorful officers, Col. Haroun el Raschid Bey, whose romantic career in Turkey surpasses fiction. Col. Haroun el Raschid Bey is a German who became a Turk when adopted by a Turkish family. He was a war flyer in charge

of heavy bombing planes and an officer on the staff of Enver Pasha. He has been decorated with high German and Turkish orders, and is the possessor of the German life-saving medal.

"The Colonel charged a fish merchant with cruelty to a lobster by displaying it in his shop window with its claws bound by a string. The fish merchant was arrested and brought before a civil court. Three experts, including one professor of biology and a director of the Berlin Aquarium testified in the case.

"Said Col. Haroun el Raschid Bey: 'I am the possessor of the highest German medal for life saving. But it is of equal concern to me whether I come to the rescue of a human being or an animal that is suffering.'

"The professor of biology testified that it was difficult to state whether a lobster had any feel-

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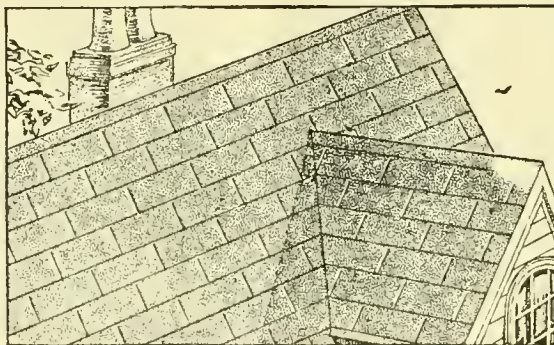
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ings, or suffered, since only the lobster could tell.

"The court decided that the lobster did have feelings, and fined the fish merchant \$10."

Now, I think that is a very interesting story about lobsters. But at the risk of being in contempt of court, I am going to say that I have on innumerable occasions, chiefly at Ham's restaurant at Portsmouth, made an exhaustive study, nay, autopsy, of the lobster, and I have yet to discover a nervous system in any darn one of them.

And what's more, I'm going to keep right on eating them. Boiled, broiled, baked or fried, I'll eat lobsters. And I'll testify before any court that the only cruelty to lobsters I know of, is cooking them a la Newburg, Volstead style, thus depriving them of the privilege of going to oblivion in a state of hilarity that robs death even of its sting.

If this be an adequate critical review on the lobster's place in literature, I will gladly give up reporting the legislature for the pleasures of intellectual pursuit.

ADMIRAL BYRD'S SAGA

PUBLICATION of "Little America," Admiral

Richard Evelyn Byrd's account of the two years he spent in the Antarctic wastes, and during which he flew across the South Pole, has a particular significance to New Hampshire readers. The book was written this last summer during Admiral Byrd's stay at Dublin, N. H., where he occupied "Fairwoods Farm."

Another New Hampshire interest is to be found in the author's account of the service rendered by Arthur T. Walden, of Wonalancet, who was the trainer of the sled-dogs that accompanied the expedition to the plateau beyond the Ross Barrier, the site of the Byrd camp. Mr. Walden's experience in the Antarctic was not without sadness, for it was there that his champion eskimo dog, "Chinook," enfeebled by age, and unable to do the work of his more vigorous teammates, slipped away one day and never returned.

The Byrd book is a saga of the heroism and stoic resistance to the elements that characterized life in the "coldest region of the world." While written with the bluntness and detailed accuracy, so characteristic of the scientific mind, it nevertheless, contains elements of beauty and romance. Here is an excellent volume for Christmas giving, one that will provide its recipient with many an hour of thrilling reading, as well as a background upon which may be built an understanding of that vast continent that for centuries has resisted the invasion of man.

—CHRISTOPHER BLUNT.

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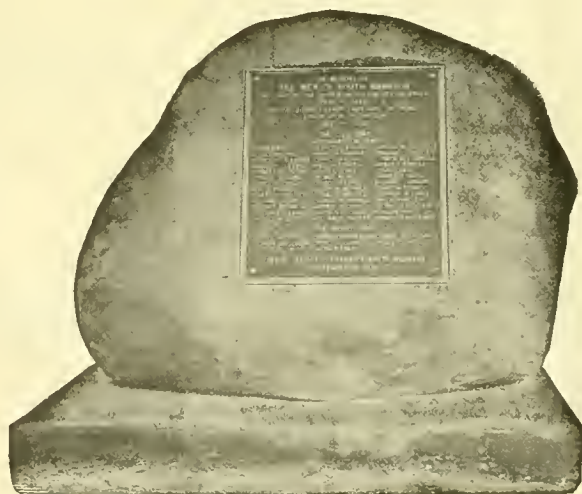
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